

placed with an air of comic gravity before the bride, into whose face the deepest color mounted, as all eyes were turned upon her.

"Take off the cover, Susan, and never mind all the young folks will have their time for blushing too," said Mrs. Norton, kindly. But Susan did not find courage to do as she was told, and her husband, as any husband ought, coming to her relief, raised it quickly and found a beautiful lot of wedding cake! Hearty laughs followed the discovery, and Susan, with regained confidence, began to distribute it among the happy party.

"What a different day this from her anticipated day from her place of service, without a friend, to the minister, and then away, with no memory of happy faces, and kind eyes, to blend with that memory, when in the future she should search for it amid the treasures of the past."

But the wonders of the day were not to end here. A loud knock at the front door startled all. It was obvious even Mr. and Mrs. Norton knew nothing of its origin. Nor was their surprise at all diminished when Mr. Norton came back from the door bringing as large a box as he could conveniently carry.

"What is it, what is it?" demanded many eager voices at once.

"This is more than I can tell," answered Mr. Norton, trying it in every direction. "It is paid—Susan, by express—and from Boston. But we will soon see. Bring the hammer, and the hatchet too, Edward!"

Off flew the cover, in much less time than was taken to put it on, and there appeared nothing but paper and straw.

"It's a box!" said Mr. Norton, angrily, turn-

"A glorious box, too, father!" said Edward, who had been pulling up the straw with his impatient fingers; "many such may there be in it"—and he lifted quickly one fine orange after another, until twenty-four lay ranged out upon the table. "And here—eh, three cheers for candy! Whoever saw the like? Nuts, too! Upon my word, a grand hoax! Sweet potatoes. A little grapes, of course. Slowly there. Grapes—white grapes. Ah! and here is something more solid—Blackberries—enough for a dress—red woolen—merino—interrupted Martha—calico, broadcloth—Who ever saw such a hoax? And here, way down here, at the very bottom, is—a letter."

"Now for it. Let me read it. May I father?"

Edward had gone on so breathlessly from one triumph to another, that no one had either the time or the wish to interrupt him; so he went on, breaking the seal to the letter, and as he opened it, a bill dropped upon the floor.

Martha saw it, and picking it up, exclaimed: "Twenty dollars!" Without taking any notice of her, Edward commenced reading:

"My dear Mother—I am afraid you think your son Samuel has forgotten you, because it is so long since he has been down to see you, or has written to you; but indeed I have not, and I wish much I could run down, see you all together, and tell you that I am proud of still being one of you; but I have so many cares, and so much business, that I cannot be spared even for a day; so, with my wife and children's help, I have packed off a little box, which I hope may come in season to add something to the dessert of your Thanksgiving dinner. I enclose also twenty dollars, to buy you some little comforts you may like, and a new silk dress for my sister Hannah, John's wife, who, I understand, is very kind to you.

"Thank my little niece Martha—for little I suppose she is—for her pretty letter. I send her a merino dress, and the other things for my sister to dispose of as she shall see fit.

"Hoping you will all have a very merry Thanksgiving dinner, I remain

Your affectionate and dutiful son,
SAMUEL."

For a few minutes the company looked from one to another with surprise. At length, Hannah said:

"And it's just as handsome a thing as ever was done."

"Three cheers for Uncle Sam!" cried Edward, flourishing the twenty dollar bill over his head.

"Three cheers for the Boston merchant!"

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The Closing Meeting.

Hon. EDWARD WADE spoke forcibly, eloquently, and ably, at the Court House last Monday night. The Free Democracy were more than satisfied, and continue to speak of his efforts in terms of warmest applause. A noble champion he is, and rejoiced are we all, that his faithful voice is to be heard in Congress.

JAMES A. BRIDGES, Esq., also spoke at the Court House, during the time with Mr. Wade. Mr. Bridges advocated the election of Gen. Scott. We never saw Mr. Bridges appear so well, (having regard to ability and manner, rather than matter) in a public speech, as he did on that occasion, and we must do him the justice to say, that on the right side, and in a just cause, he might be listened to with pleasure.

Brave.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose liberal tendencies disturb some of his bigoted brethren, thus defends himself, in the Independent, against the charge of being a Unitarian in disgust:—"But what earthly motive can an American clergyman have to pretend to be Orthodox, if he is not so? On Orthodox recite treat each other with any such profitable tenderness as to make it a man's interest to dwell among them with its feigned opinions? In fact, the Orthodox sect are a vast compound threshing machine, flailing away at each other as if the chief end of man was to thresh his neighbors. I have never yet seen an acknowledged Orthodox man. Everybody is Orthodox as compared with those below him; and nobody is Orthodox, compared with those above him; and Orthodox reputations, like county bank-bills, circulate only in a narrow circle, very near home. If one is Orthodox in Hartford, he is a heretic in New Haven; if he is sound at New Haven, he is too loose for Andover; if he is up to the mark at Andover, he is yet hopelessly below East Windsor; if he climbs up the tail-end cliffs to the eye of East Windsor, it is only to bring himself within the reach of the Princeton Orthodox; and when yet climbing up out of sight of all sublimity things, he sits down on these pinnacles of Old School Presbyterian Princeton Orthodoxy, and divides his time between Turretin, and efforts at breathing on such thin-air'd heights, then, down comes the good old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian Orthodoxy, carrying him away at one swoop, to be devoured in a yet higher eagle's nest. In fact, it is a very hard thing to be orthodox. It is a thing of degrees, it is a question of the scale; and beginning at zero, all the degrees above pelt all the degrees below. Now if a preacher is heterodox he is but suspected, and shammed, and failed; and he gets that if he is Orthodox. So that, if a man's convictions do not keep him among the Orthodox, he is a fool who stays. The fellows are no great things. Very clever fellows all, when they are not professionally captivated to go out to play with. But a man walks among the Christian Observers, and the more properly named New York Observers, and the Presbyterians (Central, Western, Southern, and all), and the Puritans, very much like a man visiting a menagerie, his time being spent in listening at the strange noises which the creatures make, and wondering whether they can get out at him, as easily as they roar through the bars!"

Fraudulent Tickets.

The Cleveland Philanderer of Monday says:—"Large bundles of tickets headed PIERCE and KISS, with the whig electors on them, are being circulated all over the country, to deceive democrats, and also quantities of tickets headed HALE and JULIUS, with the whig electors on them. They are being scattered broadcast over the country, to deceive Free Soilers."

Noteworthy.

Last week JOHN CROWLEY and EMERY NEWTON were on the stump in Trumbull County, advocating the election of Gen Scott!

Par vultu fratrum! A friend looking over our shoulder, suggests that we insert it before we see it. We will consult the Latin Grammar, and see if it is allowable.

Honor, to whom Honor.

The Summit Beacon, having been misled by the Cleveland Herald, in publishing the garbled extract from the National Era, which we noticed last week, the editor, Mr. Teesdale, comes out frankly and promptly before election, and admits the unfairness of the pretended extract, disavows on his part any purpose to deceive, by its insertion in his Herald, and claims to have been misled by the Herald. This is honorable. Mr. Teesdale knows, what other editors ought to know, that honesty is the best policy. A shallow deception like this, will always recoil upon its authors.

Our good neighbor of the Whig, who also published the garbled extract, will probably improve an early opportunity to correct it, so no advantage can be derived, after election, in leaving it uncorrected.

Emperor Napoleon.

By late foreign arrivals it appears that the way is fast preparing in France, for the Coronation of Louis Napoleon as Emperor.

Daniel Webster.

The following particulars we copy from the Boston Bee:

"Repeatedly in the course of the forenoon and the early part of the afternoon, he conversed freely and with great clearness of detail in relation to his private affairs. I reference to his funeral, he left explicit orders that his remains be entombed upon his farm at Marshfield, and that they be followed to their final resting place by his family and neighbors. He also desired that the services be performed by the parish clergyman. He wished for no pomp or display—How like Daniel Webster is this request!"

"From half-past 7 to 10 o'clock the great man lay rapidly. Arousing from a lethargy at 10 o'clock, his countenance became animated, and his eye flashed with unusual brilliancy, he exclaimed—

"I STILL LIVE!"

and immediately sunk into a state of tranquil unconsciousness. Those were the last words of Webster. His breathing now became fainter, and his strength seemed entirely prostrated. He lingered in this condition until 22 minutes to three o'clock, when the spirit returned to its God—and Daniel Webster was no more.

"A few moments after he had expired Mrs. Webster entered the room, to gaze upon the lifeless remains of her beloved partner. The scene is beyond description. Her grief found utterance in a most exquisitely agonizing wail of sorrow. So affecting a scene we have never witnessed. It were vain to attempt to mirror it had we the power so to do. It was a picture never to be forgotten."

"We saw Mr. Webster's form a few moments after death. Though it was much changed, yet there were those characteristics of the great man, strong in death as they had been in life."

George A. Bissell, Esq., a son of Ex-Gov. Bissell of Conn., has recently taken up his residence in Hudson Summit Co. The citizens of Hudson will find Mr. Bissell in every respect a gentleman, and his lovely and accomplished wife an ornament and an acquisition to their society.—Cleveland Herald.

The Blue Ridge Tunnel has penetrated the mountain about 1,900 feet from the western base, and about 800 feet, on the Eastern side, making 2,700 feet.

The jury in the case of Eliza Wright have rendered a verdict of not guilty, on the indictment charging him with aiding in the escape of the fugitive Shadrach.

It is generally reported that the Hon. R. C. Winthrop ex-speaker of the House of Representatives will succeed Mr. Webster as Secretary of State.

The Queen of Portugal has forbidden the wearing of beards in the army.

It is said the Duke of Wellington was an indifferent speller.

There was a severe fire in Troy N. Y. on the 22nd ult. by which five stable with their contents and sixty five horses, two grocery stores, one Shoe Store, one Clothing Store and three dwelling houses were entirely destroyed, total loss estimated at \$10,000, insured \$3,000. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The Governor of New Jersey has appointed the 25th of November as a day of Thanksgiving.

The Storn of Wm. Hart at Grafton Depot, Lorain Co. was broken open on the night of the 20th inst., and robbed of goods to the amount of \$2,100 or \$1500, a reward of \$100 is offered for the thief and goods, or \$50 for the thief only.

A Telegraphic despatch from Pittsburgh says, a severe accident happened at Portage on the Pennsylvania Railroad on the 26th inst. Two passenger cars and one baggage car, together with a locomotive were smashed to pieces. One man had his ankle broken, and another in jumping from the cars was very much injured.

The Steamer Finance collapsed her flues at Cincinnati on the 20th inst. Seven persons were scalded.

Hiram H. Bobber has been appointed U. S. Marshall for Missouri.

Greenough the Sculptor has arrived in the United States from Rome.

James Campbell who pleaded guilty at Pittsburgh to robbing the mail has been sentenced to the Penitentiary two years.

Over \$10,000 worth of furs were taken and shipped from Western Virginia the past winter. Twenty six slaves, the property of one man made their escape on the night of the 22nd inst. from Washington County, Maryland.

Joshua Bates Esq., of Bangs, Brothers & Co., has given \$50,000 to the city of Boston to aid in establishing a free library.

A Connecticut man has invented a plan by which to prevent injuries from Railroad collisions. His plan is to have the end of the platform of the cars oblique instead of square, so that instead of striking direct together, they will push each other off the track.

Thirty thousand persons attended the State Agricultural Fair at Baltimore Maryland.

A young lady named Mary Ann Hass, aged 16, was drowned at Eaton Pa., on the 25th inst., by falling into the river while dipping a bucket of water.

Ohio was fifty years old on the 2nd of November 1852.

The South Carolina papers report a frost at Georgetown in that State on the 20th of October.

A returned Californian recently deposited a lump of gold weighing twenty six and a half pounds and valued at \$10,000, in a New York banking house.

Several Indians, descendants of celebrated Western Chiefs, it is said are employed on the Ohio river Steamboats as firemen, deck hands &c.

Hughes, a Boston Sculptor is in Marshfield, the residence of Daniel Webster, for the purpose of taking a full length Statue of that illustrious Statesman.

Gov. Hunt has appointed the 25th inst., as a day of Thanksgiving in the State of New York.

A girl seven years old was recently forwarded, from Washington D. C. to her parents in Dayton O. by Adams & Co's Express.

A fire broke out in the car factory of Eaton, Gilbert & Co., Troy N. Y. on the 27th ult. consuming five new cars, five brick buildings and one church—Loss forty thousand dollars about half insured.

Insurance.

The Protection Fire and Marine Insurance Company is one of the oldest, wealthiest, safest and most prompt companies of the Union. To those of our friends who wish to insure, we cannot do a greater favor than to recommend them to the Agent of this Company, H. A. Swift, Esq., Ravenna.

We would take this occasion to say a few words to our readers on the importance and duty of insurance. We need not urge this upon the wealthy men or our merchants, for they rarely neglect it, and if they did, they leave them other resources. But we address ourselves to our laboring fellow citizens—mechanics and others—who are in the world. These should never neglect to insure, a fire which may visit them at any hour, would leave them homeless, and with no capital by their labor to begin again the struggles of life, and years of toil and watching must pass before they can regain what they have lost, if indeed it is ever done. To such, insurance is a duty—a moral duty. If the individual is worth little, the expense is less; if he owns much property, still the expense is trifling, and by investing a few dollars, he is safe. If he is overtaken by misfortune, and his all laid in ashes, he receives a recompense in cash equal to his loss, and may soon restore what has been destroyed. We advise our laboring men and mechanics not to neglect the duty of insuring their property.

Hurrah for the Underground Railroad!

Within a week, 37 fugitives have arrived in this city, via this route, and passed on to Canada, where they can enjoy under a Monarchical government, what they cannot in this boasted Republic. 'tis

"Land of the Free and home of the brave."

There are also about the same number known to be on their way here, and far too good to be out of all danger from any two-legged blood-hounds that may follow them. On Thursday evening a large company of fugitives arrived at Sandusky and took passage on a steamboat for Canada. An attempt was made to recapture them by some land pirates, but the citizens interfered, not withstanding the Fugitive Slave Law and the Baltimore Platforms, and the fugitives were permitted to pass on to their destination. It is to be hoped that the Lower Law Doctors of Divinity will not go into spasms at these alarming evidences of "infidelity" to Slavery.—Cleveland Harpoon.